

A YEAR AGO.

Down in the forest a year ago, Blossoms were falling and skies were gray. Crimson leaves rustled faint and low. Blue mist shrouded the mountains near. A moist west wind in the mourning trees Bearing the echo of distant sea.

COOS BAY BAR AND ITS DEAD.

A LEAF FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF "ROVER."

During my travels on the Northwest Coast I visited Coos Bay in the fall of 1873. The bay is a beautifully situated body of water, supplied by waters flowing from both branches of Coos River.

He related all this to me, and after a few days acquaintance invited me to take a sail with him and visit some points of interest, of which offer I gladly availed myself.

Coos Bay has many attractions, but the bar for me had the most charm. Why it was so can only be explained by the fact that, being a "bar," I was always restless when not within the roar of the briny deep.

The following evening, in company with "Uncle Dave," I went to North Bend, and there fell in with a jovial crowd of sailors and men of the tug who were Capt. Elliott, of the Emma Augusta and Capt. McAllep, of the Orient, two as fine gentlemen and true seamen as I have ever met.

Two days after the evening's conversation, the Emma Augusta was ready for sail, and I was invited to accompany her. I decided to tow her out over the bar. A crowd of seafaring men were on the dock when the tug started for the lower bay, where the vessel lay at anchor, and several dainty guests stepped on board the Emma Augusta.

When off the point of North Spit steam was slackened and the Captain said: "The bar is very rough this morning for the Emma Augusta, what do you think, Capt. Elliott; can we make it?"

Every effort was made to save them, but in vain. Poor Elliott was the first to succumb, and it is the impression that he was hurt by striking the tail of the boat when he fell into the sea.

traversed to find the bodies. About two weeks after the accident the body of Smith was found and decently interred by the citizens of Empire city.

We safely returned to Empire City; but the sudden and tragical taking off of two noble, generous men in the full bloom of health had left an effect upon me that day which could not be shaken off in a day. And even now, at times, comes vividly before me the scene of those two struggling bravely for life amidst the breakers of Coos Bay.

About a year after the above event I was again visiting Coos Bay, and was invited by Capt. Magee to take a trip on the Escort over the bar. Not being well, I declined; beside the image of the catastrophe I had before witnessed came too painfully to memory.

He, like Capt. Elliott, was anxious to sail for San Francisco, and went to take a look at the bar. Everything went well, and when the bar was reached it was not what I had expected.

Captain Lorensen would have shared the same fate, had he not been in the mind of Captain McGee. As the water swept past him, he felt—for he could not see an object going past him which he instinctively grasped and held firm until the boat recovered from the shock, when he could see the vessel again.

After the Escort had been relieved of the water, attention was turned to Capt. Nissen. To turn the tug upon the bar was an act of desperation, and it could be seen swimming, and the Fearless was a short distance astern, it appeared reasonable that he would be saved, so the Escort steamed over the bar, turned and started toward the struggling Emma Augusta.

Amos Herring, the mate, (commonly called "Amos"), had another idea, and when the tug neared the drowning man, he slipped a bow line over his body and giving the end to a bystander said: "When I catch him pull us up alongside. He instantly jumped overboard, but he sank to rise no more, and the Emma Augusta was hauled on board dead than alive.

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day the eye can discern the sail of craft, bound in, for many leagues at sea; here almost every phase of life is exemplified in nature—the calm and placid waters of the bar reminds one of the happy days of infancy when not a breath ruffles the days of early life; again the disturbed sea as they rise suddenly upon the bosom of the bar reminds us of our first great grief and disappointment that quickly revealed to our eyes being no longer a child, and no longer, like a sailor and a jack-of-all-trades, who wears a sort of sailor's gurnsey and talks a patois between French and Breton, got into temptation and fell.

Coos Bay bar will sorrow you have brought to once happy firesides. Know ye the anguish, the days and nights of sorrow that ye have caused once happy homes to endure, and if so, have you no moments of remorse? No, cruel waters, little care ye; but in a far more cruel manner, the dead of Coos Bay bar shall be absent, for "neath you rests the tents of noble men, whose spirits "went aloft" to their Maker through your treacherous and angry lashings.

In the Jaws of a Lion. I was out after porcupines, and was lying down one night near a porcupine's hole, waiting for him to come out. I had no gun, but only my hunting knife and a large knob kerrie with which to knock the porcupine on the nose; for that, as you know, kills him at once.

A street car full of passengers was boarded by a man with a book and pencil in his hand, and he straightway began taking a vote of the passengers. Some answered and some didn't, and some didn't exactly understand what he was up to.

Remarkable Rides. More remarkable rides than the famous ride to York are upon record. By dint of keeping constantly in the saddle and having relays of horses all along the road, the Prince de Ligne contrived to cover the miles between Vienna and Paris—over five hundred, as the crow flies—in six days.

A Kentucky Judge. "Some years ago," observed a well-known criminal lawyer, "I had a case to argue before the eccentric Judge Cleary, of Kentucky. While waiting for my case to come up I listened to the trial of a brawny ruffian who had been caught riding one and leading the other, and, thought both animals bore their owner's brand, he swore that they had been foaled on his farm and raised by him.

It pays to keep a cow—out of the pound. Charles Lamb remarked of one of his critics "The more I think of him, the less I think of him."

"Goat button shoes" are advertised in the market—just as they could be goat without buttons for button.

Servants in Brittany.

A few days ago, under press of circumstances, and because I could not secure our regular marketeer, I sent my general Thomsen to buy ten cases away with a large basket of strawberries for sale. He left here about 4 o'clock in the morning, arrived at the town before the market hour, sold his strawberries, and ought to have been back here about 10 o'clock.

Profits of sagacity involving what would seem processes of judgment, inference and generalization fairly equal those of the average man, have been made familiar to us by the reports of naturalists without number, if not by opportunities of personal observation.

ART VESTIGES IN AFGHANISTAN.—A paper, entitled "Art Vestiges in Afghanistan; the results of some recent explorations in the Jelalabad Valley," was read on Wednesday night by William Simpson, of the Illustrated London News, at the weekly meeting of the Society of Arts.

LONG PARLIAMENTARY CONNECTION.—The most remarkable instance of a long Parliamentary connection is found in the little borough of Caine, in Wiltshire, for Sir Lionel Duckett, who was Lord Mayor in 1872, purchased the hundred of Caine, and his nephew, Stephen Duckett, was returned for the borough of Caine in 1874.

ENDURENCE OF THE DIGGERS INDIANS.—While the thermometer has been hugging zero; while the ears and noses and hands of the white men have been tingling with cold; while the feet have been covered with snow, and ice has formed on exposed bodies of water, the Digger Indian has been displaying his utter lack of sensitiveness to cold.

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Piety in Animals.

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The Cologne Cathedral.

Cologne Cathedral is at length approaching completion, and it is confidently stated that August next year will see the mighty minster finished. Begun in the very midst of the "ages of faith," when monarchs beggared themselves to raise magnificent structures, of which only picturesque ruins now remain for us to look at, this extraordinary temple of the Christian faith, lagged behind all its contemporaries in the work of construction, saw them reach their mature glory, decline, and sink to ruin, itself being all the time unfinished.

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FIRE-PROOF SAFES. Have been tested by the most distinguished engineers in the country. They are thoroughly fire proof. They are free from dampness.

HALL'S PATENT DOVETAILED BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES. Have never been broken open and robbed by burglars or robbers.

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B. N. WILLIAMS, Agent for Oregon and W. T. Office with Hawley, Dood & Co., Portland. REES HAMILIN. EMMETT F. WREN.

DRAYAGE! DRAYAGE! Hamlin & Wren Prop's. HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM Salem with a new truck, and having leased the same formerly occupied by James Eglin, we are now prepared to do all kinds of

DRAYING AND HAULING, either in the city or country, at the lowest living rates. Can be found at the old truck stand. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. Corvallis, Dec. 27, 1878. 15-214

JOB PRINTING. THE Gazette Job Printing House IS NOW PREPARED TO DO Plain and Ornamental Printing,

As neat and Cheap as it can be done by any Office on the Coast. Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Order Blanks, etc. Ball Tickets, Invitations, Circulars, Business Cards, Labels, Budgets, Small Posters, Envelopes, Legal Blanks, Bank Notes, Shipping Receipts, etc. etc. etc. Orders by mail promptly filled. Estimates furnished.

AUGUST KNIGHT, CABINET MAKER, UNDERTAKER, Cor. Second and Monroe Sts., CORVALLIS, - - OREGON. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of FURNITURE COFFINS AND CASKETS.

Work done to order on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1877. 14-117

ROBERT N. BAKER, Fashionable Tailor, FORMERLY OF ALBANY, WHERE HE has determined to locate in Corvallis, where he hopes to be favored with a share of the public patronage. All work warranted, when made promptly attended to. Corvallis, Jan. 1, 1880. 15-481

FRANKLIN CAUTHORN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Corvallis, Oregon. Special attention given to surgery and diseases of the Eye. Can be found at his office, in rear of Graham, Hamilton & Co's Drug Store, up stairs, day or night. June 3, 1879. 16-231